ANGELO: ATALE.

CHAPTER 1.....THE KEY.

Our narrative takes us back to the middle of the

But Angelo Malipieri had still other sources of squietade. Not content with occupying one of no most embarrassing and perilous positions of oblic life—one which secured him the hatred of Il beneath, and the suspicion of all above him connexions, for the sake of the wealth and influfeeling of affection whatever for the lady of ice. And though the bride was young and beautiful and amiable, this was no matter for wen-der: for Angelo knew well that Catarina Braga-dina yielded him her hand so'ely through the per-suasion or coercion of her relations—that her heart was engaged elsewhere—and that duty, cold, heart was engaged elsewhere—and that duty, cold, formal duty, was the utmost he could claim from one whom nature had rendered capable of the warmest and most devoted attachment. The lovely daughter of one of the proudest houses of Venetian nobility, who, in her maiden state, was the ency of her sex, had been ever since her marriage kept in a splendid but harsh imprisonment, by a hashand who was as jealous of his honor as he massind who was as jenous of his honor as he was indifferent and regardless of herself. That passion which Angelo had not found at home, he had sought abroad; and an actress who bore the name of Thisbia, a charming and fascinating creaname of Thishin, a charming and fascinating creature, who had risen from the very lowest condition and class of society to the possession of great wealth and still greater popularity, was the object of his present idolatry. His dreaded power as podesta was sufficient to keep aloof that flock of admirers attracted by the favorite actress of the day; but the heart of Thisbin had by no means submitted to the tyraut of Padua He could succeed in deterring and terrifying his rivals—in repelling others from her door—in securing for himself such a reception in her house as had proclaimed him to the world at large a favored lover; claimed him to the world at large a favored lover; but all this had not ingratiated him with the pretty Thisbin herself, who, though her manners had certainly not been irreproachable, was a person far more governed by the feelings of her heart than by

any other earthly consideration.

This fascinating woman kept the podesta in a perpetual fever of jealousy. She would sport with his passion, and, by a thousand provoking salites, manifest her own freedom from that thraidom she was even then throwing around him. Another tained. Our podesta, therefore, had upon his hands, in the same town, a wife and a miscress, of oth of whom he was jealous in the extreme—of he one for the sake of his honor; of the other for mistress he could not seclude from the world in the same manner, but he every where followed and

watched her with a lynx-eyed suspicion.

On the evening from which we take up our nartative, the mansion of Thisbia was the scene of festivity, and was througed with all the brilliant and the witty of the town of Padua. Not only the house, but the garden had been illuminated for the fete; and Angelo having taken Thisbia apart, was walking with her to and fro on a marble ter-race, where the orange-trees alternated with the race, where the orange-trees alternated with the glittering and colored lamps, and which was at present descrited of all other visitors. As was not unusual with the podesta, he had been making some few inquiries of the lady, which had evidently been prompted by his jealousy.

"A brother?"—he might have been heard to asseme Is it a brother of yours, this young the

ay-" Is it a brother of yours, this young man who has lately followed you to Padua ?"

"Yes," replied Thisbia, "a brother."
"And his name?" pursued the inquirer.
"Is Rodolfo. I have told you this twenty times, my most redoubtable podesta. Have you no more

gracious subject of conversation?"

Pardon, Thisbia: I will ask no more questions You played Rosmonda yesterday most exquisitely. Padua is very fortunate in possessing one whom all Italy extols. But, ah! how all this admiring and applausive audience irritate and wound me.— I die with jealousy when I see so many eyes feast-ing upon your beauty. I could strike them all with

blindness. Pray, who is that cavalier in a mask you conversed with this evening under the portico? Pardon, Thisbin; I will ask no more questions."

"Well, well, you arch inquisitor; know that this cavalier in a mask was so other than your own

heutenant, your captain of the sbirri, Virgilia Pas-

"Mode was not well that you may be made that made that you may be made that made that you may be made that made

coin. One day my mother sang in the streets of Brescia some chime which bore an offensive allu-sion, of which she knew nothing, to the Republic

to Virgilia Pasca, the masked cavaller, under the portion. Are you satisfied?"

"Ten thousand golden sequins!" said Angelo,
"What, then, will you give to the woman hersolf if you should find her?"

"My life! if it will profit her."

"But how could you recognise her?"

"But how could you recognise her?"

"By my mother's crucifix."

"Pooh! she will long since have lost a piece of worthless copper."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Thisbia; "we never lose what has been carned like that. And now, Angelo," said the pretty actress, returning to her natural gaiety of manner, "any more questions? or is your jealous cariosity appeased for the present? Why, what a sombre aspect you continually wear! you, too, who are all-powerful in Venuce. In vain I light up my house, my gardens; I cannot light up a smile upon your countenance. In vain I give you music; you return it not in gaiety. Prythee smile."

"I do smile," said the podesta, wrenthing his visage into what certainly needed the assurance of his word to certify that it was a smile. "You wonder, my dear Thisbia, that has not gay. I have heardyour story—hear something of mine. I am, as you say, all-powerful here in Padua; the sovericin and tyrant of this town. But absolute as I am, above me—mark you, Thisbia—there is some-

ereign and tyrant of this town. But absolute as I am, above me—mark you, Thisbin—there is something greater; dark, tuil of shadows, terrible; there is Venice, the State-Inquisition, the Council

Mountain House, on the arrival of the boats.

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nonnee! denounce! and the wretch once denounced is taken; once taken, is powerless as the worm. At Venice every thing is done secretly, mysteriously, surely. Condemned executed; no one to see, to hear you; not a cry possible, not a look that is returned by a humas eye; the victim has a gag, the executioner a mask. But why did I speak just now of scaffolds? At Venice men die not on the scaffold. They disappear. A man is missing from his family. What has become of him? Oh, the leads, the wells, the canal Orfano—they could tell! At night-time you may hear something fall into the truth of all the statements. Apply to DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, No. 1 Wall-street.

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Venice "

Truly I pity you," replied Thisbia; "what a frightful position have you described."

"Yes, I am an instrument with which one people tortures another people. Such tacks wear out fast, and break often."

At this point of the conversation, Angelo, out turning round, discovered a man lying on the terrace under the shade of one of the crange-trees. He was attired like a minstre!, and lay fast asleep, with his guitar by his side; but nevertheless the suspicions of the podesta were immediately aroused. Thisbia smiled at his alarm, as she informed him that the sleeper was a poor player on the guitar; half an idiot; whom the dean of St. Mark's had recommended to her compassion. He had been in the house a fortnight, finding his dinner with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants, and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with the servants and himself te sleep in the first quiet corner that he met with a discovered like highest reputation in curing Bilines and Deop ple temporal to such the low one of the most respectation in curing Bilines and Deop ple temporal to such a first law of the move of the most respectation in curing Bilines and Deop ple temporal to such a first law of the move of the most reputation of the member of the move of the most reputation of the member of

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